

The Tragical Historye of Hamlet

excellent differences, of very soft society, and great shewing: And
deede to speake feelingly of him, he is the card or kalender of Gent-
try: for you shall finde in him the countenant of what part a Gentle-
man would see.

Ham. Sir, his deuinenement suffers no perdition in you, though I
know to devide him inuentorially, would dizzle th' arithmetick of
memory, and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick saile, but
in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article,
and his infusion of such deirth and rarenesse, as to make true dixion
of him, his semblable is his mirrour, and who els would trace him,
his vmbraige, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy sir, why do wee wrap the Gentleman in
our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Is't not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will
doo'st sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

Cour. Of Laertes.

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in sayth if you did, it would, not
much approoue me, well sir.

Cour. You are ignorant of what excellency Laertes is

Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him
in excellency, but to know a man well, were to know himselfe.

Cour. I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation layd on
him by them in his meed, hee's vnfollowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapiar and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King sir hath wagered with him six Barbary horses a-
gainst the which he has impaund as I take it six french Rapiers and
Poyndards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three of the
cariages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilt,
most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had
done.

Prince of Denmarke.

done.
Cour. The carriage sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phtale would be more German to the matter if wee
could carry a Cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till
then, but on, six Barbary horses against six french swords their as-
signes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet
against the Danish, why is this all you cal i?

Cour. The King sir, hath laid sir, that in a dozen passes betweene
your selfe and him, hee shall not excede you three hits, hee hath
laid on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate tryall, if
your Lordshippe would vouchsafe the answere.

Ham. How if I answe're no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in tryall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, If it please his Maiestie, it
is the breathing time of day with mee, let the foyles be brought, the
Gentleman willinge, and the Kinge hold his purpose; I will winne
for him and I can, if not I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the
odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuere you so?

Ham. To this effect sir, after what florish your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordshippe.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no
tongues els for's turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did so sir with his dugge before a suckt it, thus has he and
many more of the same bice de that I know the drossy age dotes on,
onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of encounter, a
kind of misty collection, which carrieys them through and through
the most prophane and trennowned opinions, and doe but blowe
them to their tryall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiestie commended him to you by younge
Ostricke, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall,
hee sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that
you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the Kings plea-
sure, if his fynes speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoeuer, pro-
vided I be so able as now.

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Lord.

